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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 247.—Vol. XIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, August 26, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

A QUEEN OF OPERA: MME. CAVALIERI

"Madame Cavalieri (writes our opera critic) was the delight and surprise of Covent Garden this year. All rôles that she essays are played and sung with excellent effect, but it was her performance in the powerful 'La Tosca' that thrilled Society and made even the connoisseur enthusiastic. As a singer, the Cavalieri can be surpassed, but as a beauty, a personality, a social force, and a dramatic artist in strong situations, she is alone. Her past has been filled with romance and endeavour, and her future—who can doubt?—will be crowded with victories."

A new portrait by Lallie Charles

No. 247.—Vol. XIX.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

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All Applications or Remittances should be sent direct to the Publisher, THE GRAPHIC OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, LONDON, E.C.

Paris Office for Subscriptions and Advertisements: MARC DORMOY, 35, Rue Lafayette.

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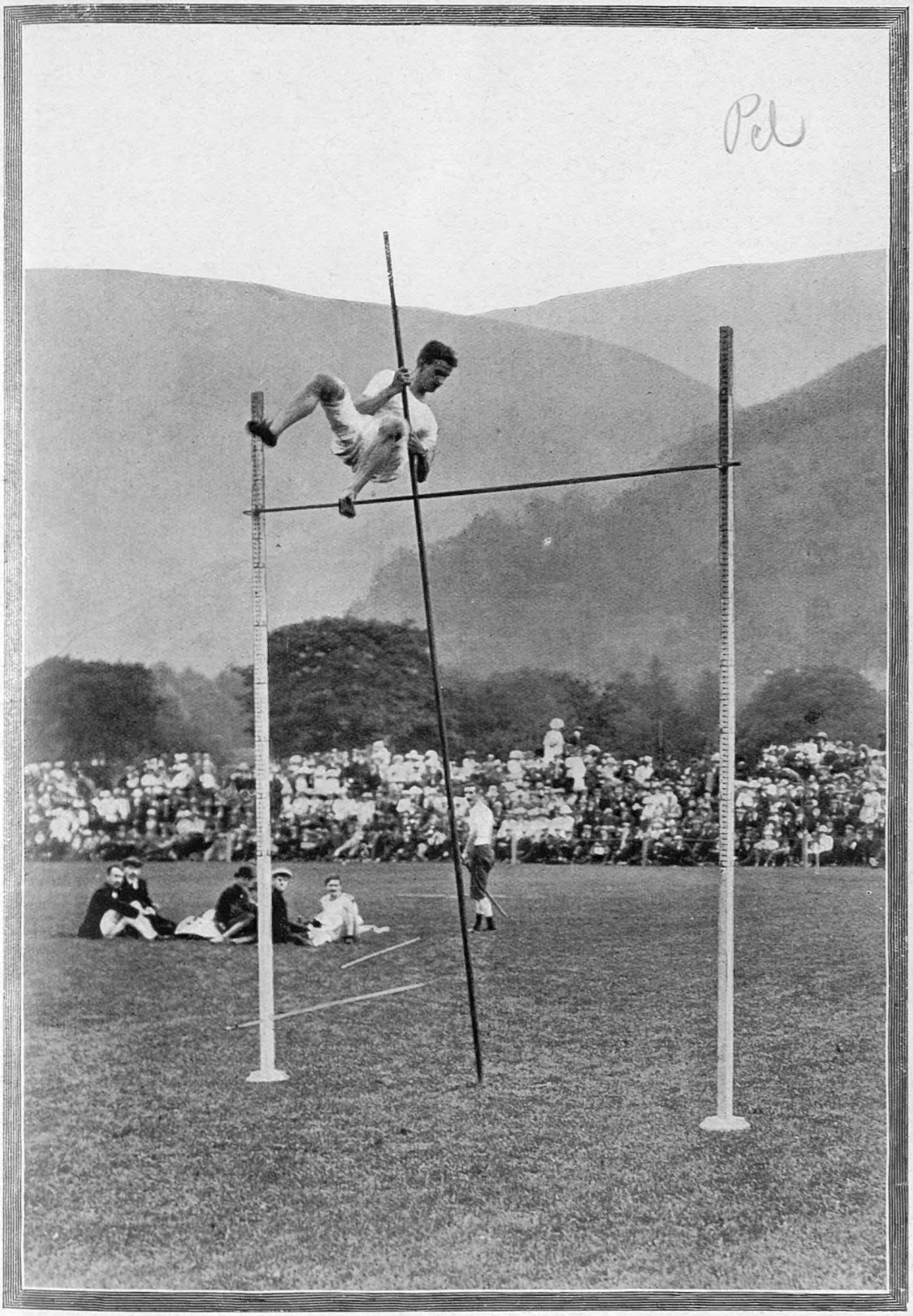
A Fine Jump

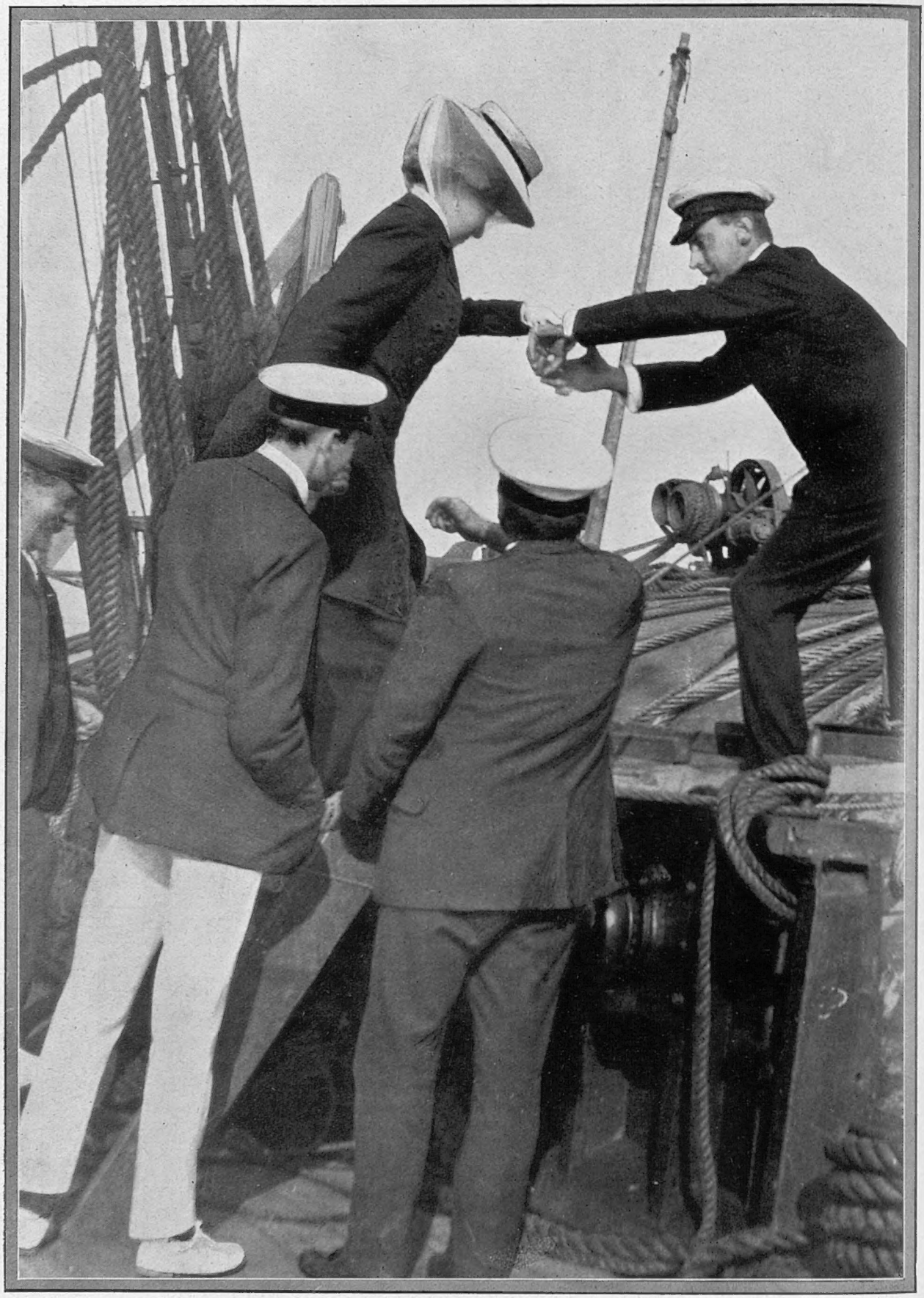
AT THE FAMOUS GRASMERE GAMES



Photo] M. H. DICKENSON, OF BARROW, THE WINNER, LEAPS 10ft. 9in. *[Illustrations Bureau*

In past years the famous Grasmere Sports have been given such names as "The English Olympic Games" and so forth, but their big international sister has this year claimed the title. Though their name has thereby been filched, nothing could take away from their popularity among the people of the Dales, who attended to the number of 10,000, including all the best-known people of Westmoreland and Cumberland—a prominent figure, as always, being Lord Lonsdale. The wrestling competition brought forward 254 entries, the silver belt, as last year, going to W. Studholme. The exciting guides' race to the top of Butler Craggs and back resulted in a win for E. H. Dalzell, of Keswick

A Helping Hand to a Queen



Photo] PRINCE MAURICE OF BATTENBERG [*Illustrations Bureau*

HER MAJESTY OF SPAIN ASSISTED ON BOARD THE WRECKED "GLADIATOR"

Last week Queen Victoria Eugénie of Spain, who is holiday-making at Osborne Cottage, her old Isle of Wight home, where King Alfonso is joining her, visited with her mother and brothers, Princes Alexander and Maurice of Battenberg, the wreck of H.M.S. "Gladiator" in the Solent, off Yarmouth, where it lies aground. Her Majesty boarded the wreck from the yacht "Shiela," and found it rather a difficult operation amid the confusion of the salvage works

The World's Pageant

Photo] The Youngsters' Season: A Seaside Snapshot [*Topical Agency*

A Grand Duchess at Marienbad

I may add to my *confrère's* notes from Marienbad on page 430 that when the King attended the gala theatrical performance there, given in honour of Kaiser Franz Josef's birthday, his Majesty was accompanied by the Grand Duchess (Alexandra) of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin. The King is a tremendous admirer of the Austrian Kaiser, and considers him the most enlightened of all European monarchs. "What a great example to me!" he once exclaimed when talking over the Emperor with a friend at Marienbad. The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburgh-Schwerin is a youthful niece of Queen Alexandra, and her namesake. She is, without a doubt, the prettiest, most *chic*, of all German Princesses. Unfortunately, although married several years, she has presented no heir to the Grand Duchy. Eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, she has a younger sister, Princess Olga, who was "betrothed," by report, to Prince Arthur of Connaught; but, as a fact, they had never set eyes on each other.

* * *

The Queen of Spain

The Queen of Spain is with her mother at Osborne Cottage, and has left in sunny Spain the Prince of Asturias, who can walk well and begins to talk, and Prince Jaïme—named after Spain's patron Saint—who is a brown-eyed infant of Spanish type, whereas the heir to the throne is blue-eyed and English-looking. There is no doubt that Queen Victoria Eugénie is a real success in Spain. Abiding by the advice of "Uncle Bertie," she has arranged her life so as to run counter to as few Spanish prejudices as possible. She works hard every day at acquiring the language, and has ended by puzzling out the badges—and there are endless ones—of the ranks and *gentilhombres* and grandees of the Court, with the complicated insignia of the stateliest Orders of Santiago and Calatrava. If Queen Victoria

Photo *Russell*

As Yachtsman: A New Portrait of King Alfonso, who is shortly joining the Queen of Spain in the Isle of Wight

Royal and Loyal Ladies and the Navy

realises that her adopted country is a faded one with a magnificent past, she suppresses her knowledge, although, it is told, an irrepressible smile rose to her lips on learning that the ancient title was still hers of "Queen of Mexico, the Floridas, and Peru." Of the sight from her palace windows of the Manpares River, the Casa de Campo, and the garden slopes of Campo del Moro she has become very fond. Every morning Doña Victoria reads through the English and Spanish newspapers; at eleven comes her lady professor to teach her the King's Spanish as it is spoke; then luncheon and a drive; and later a picnic tea in the woods.

* * *

The King Makes His Own Omelette

The young King's dinner is a simple Anglo-French rather than Spanish affair. There are days when his Majesty will call for a chafing dish and make his own omelette. This is his recipe: Fry little pieces of chicken, or lobster, in butter until browned. Remove from the fire, and after turning the eggs into the pan place the chicken—or lobster—upon them as the omelette is turning. One of the chiefest joys of King Alfonso and Queen Victoria is their stable. They keep forty magnificent horses, including the King's white thoroughbred from Andalusia, and a favourite hunter the Queen brought with her from England.

At Marienbad with the King

The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, who accompanied King Edward at the gala performance given in Marienbad in honour of the Austrian Emperor

* * *

From the Women of Cape Colony

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein on Wednesday last presented to the Captain and officers of Sir Percy Scott's flagship, H.M.S. *Good Hope*, in the presence of Sir Percy Scott himself and other gallant officers, including Admiral Sir A. D. Fanshawe, Commander-in-Chief at Portsmouth, Vice-Admiral Sir A. G. Curzon-Howe, Commanding the Atlantic Fleet, and Commander Crutchley, representing the Navy League, the gifts which the women of Cape Colony have subscribed to offer as a lasting memento of the interests of the British dominions

PRINCESS VICTORIA ADML. SIR A. FANSHAWE CAPTAIN GRAFTON (Commanding the *Good Hope*)

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Princess Christian, on Board the "Good Hope," making the Presentation of the Cape Colony Ladies' Gifts

Very appropriately Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Victoria, last week presented the gifts from the ladies of Cape Colony to Sir Percy Scott's flagship, the *Good Hope*. Her Royal Highness's interest in the Cape is, of course, a personal and a sad one, for her son, Prince Christian Victor, who was on Sir Percy Scott's staff at Durban in the Boer War, died while serving with the British troops

More Crowded than the Stadium

THE GRASMERE GAMES DO NOT SUFFER FROM LACK OF VISITORS

Their Little Marathon: Watching the Guides' Race Across the Fells

All the "county"—and his wife—were present at the Grasmere Games last week, among whom were the ever-popular Lord Lonsdale, his brother, the Hon. Claude Lowther and his wife, Prince and Princess Salm Salm, the Countess of Mar and Kellie, Lord Erskine, the Bishop of Trinidad, and Viscount Cross. In fact, though comparatively local in character, the Games evoked an enthusiasm which was, unfortunately, lacking during the course of most of the great International Olympics in London last month

Photos **A Coachful of Distinguished Visitors Watch the Course of Events** [*Illustrations Bureau*

Left to right: The Hon. Claude Lowther, the Hon. Mrs. Lowther, the Marchioness of Graham, the Marquis of Graham (who is entertaining Prince Arthur of Connaught at Brodick Castle, Arran), Lord Lonsdale, and (standing) Master Lowther

The Prince's Lancashire Host

beyond the seas in the Royal Navy consisted of a silk ensign, which was duly broken by Princess Christian; a silver centre-piece on a mounting of Cape olive wood and two silver cigar-lighters for the wardroom mess; and a silver shield to be held as a gunnery trophy. To these gifts Princess Christian, who spoke with much feeling of her own "special bond" with South Africa, added a silver cigar-box as a gift from herself. Sir Somerset French, Agent-General for Cape Colony, and Captain Grafton, commanding the ship, each said a word or two. The presentation to the *Good Hope* was peculiarly appropriate, since she represents, to some extent, a gift from the Colony to the Empire.

* * *

The Admiral and the Ship

The *Good Hope* is shortly to proceed to South Africa as flagship of the Second Cruiser Squadron, which Sir Percy Scott is taking out to mark the Imperial significance of the Convention which is to meet to discuss the Federation of the South African Colonies. It will be her second visit to South Africa on a mission of peace, her first being when Mr. Chamberlain travelled in her shortly after the conclusion of the war. The voyage, too, puts an end to *l'affaire* Scott-Beresford, which has recently made such a stir. The fertile brain of Sir Percy Scott is as busy as ever with mechanical appliances for the promotion of the efficiency of the Navy. On the table of the after-cabin I saw two neat little appliances, both of which the Admiral has just perfected, but the purpose of which, since it is an Admiralty secret, I must not reveal.

* * *

On the Moors

Although the accounts are conflicting, and the sport undoubtedly very unequal in different parts, there is no reason for the pessimistic conclusion to which some people have jumped, that the grouse season of 1908 is irretrievably bad. I have just heard from a friend who is shooting in Westmoreland, as he has done for many years past, that he has never had such a good time at the

Photo *Dixon*

Lord Sefton, the Prince of Wales's Host

At Abbeystead Lodge, near Lancaster, and over whose moors his Royal Highness has compensated himself for somewhat poor sport in Scotland

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

A Derbyshire Picture: Keepers and Dogs on Rock Top, Longshaw, the Duke of Rutland's Moor near Sheffield

Shooting-parties on the Derbyshire moors have been enjoying excellent sport, and, in fact, rarely has the season opened so well there as this year. The Duke of Rutland, who has been staying at Stanton Woodhouse, his shooting lodge near Rowsley, has had good sport on the Beeley moors, near Chatsworth; and his Longshaw moors have been let for the season to Sir Thomas Barkin

The "Three Weeks'" Queen on the Stage

beginning of the season—birds plentiful and strong, no disease, and so forth. Perhaps I ought to say that he adds that he has never shot so well, which, it may be, gives things a *couleur de rose*. From the reports one thing is rather noticeable, namely, that it is from the moors with a reputation for enormous bags that the complaints of disease chiefly come. I think the reason is pretty obvious. These great sporting moors have been over-preserved for some years past, especially those whose owners are accustomed to let them for a great price.

* * *

Some of the Principal Parties

The Prince of Wales has gone on from Tulchan to stay with Lord Sefton at Abbeystead Lodge, near Lancaster, where, according to report, his Royal Highness is making up, over his host's extensive moors, for the rather indifferent sport which fortune granted him at the beginning of the season. Lord Sefton is, of course, one of the very best of all-round sportsmen, as well as the most discriminating of hosts. Lord Brackley, Sir Charles Cust and Captain Molyneux are included in the party. The Duke of Richmond has let a good deal of his shooting, some to Mr. Cobbold and some to Lord Aberdare. His Grace himself is at Gordon Castle, where it is his intention to remain till November. The Duke and Duchess of Roxburghe are entertaining a succession of small shooting-parties at Byrecleugh Lodge, and Lord and Lady Dalhousie have a big one at Invermark. Lord and Lady Derby have gone to Northfield.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mrs. Elinor Glyn as the Queen in the Dramatised Version of "Three Weeks"

A strictly private—and uncensored—performance of the dramatised version of Mrs. Glyn's much discussed novel, "Three Weeks," was recently given at the Adelphi, with the authoress in the part of the Queen, "the heroine" of the story, which proved her to possess considerable dramatic talent. It is said that it is intended to tour the play in America

* * *

Approaching Marriages

Oxfordshire society will be very much interested in the October marriage of Lord Villiers, eldest son of the Earl of Jersey, to Lady Cynthia Needham, daughter of Lord Kilmorey. Lord Villiers is among those sprigs of the peerage who have not, up to the present, made their mark on the history of their time. The Villiers family are, of course, commercial rather than territorial, they being, in other words, Childs' Bank. Perhaps Lady Cynthia, who is a lively Irish blonde, will realise the desirability of more prolonged residence among those who will, one day, be her husband's tenants. If an example be required of how a great landlord should discharge his duty towards his estate, there is no need to look beyond Lord Jersey himself, and the late Lord Leigh, Lord Villiers's maternal grandfather.

* * *

Lady Susan Yorke

Another engagement which is causing satisfaction to a large number of people is that of Mr. Fitzclarence and Lady Susan Yorke, Lord Hardwicke's merry daughter. If Lady Susan had not been herself, but another lady of the same name without the "Lady," she might have been regarded as likely to fill the place of Miss Marie Tempest on the stage, when that lady leaves it. She is one of the best of amateur actresses, and has done some capital things in the company of Mr. Harry Brooke, the Raja of Sarawak's youngest son. The Yorkes, whose family fortunes were

Marrying and Giving in Marriage

Photo *Harrison*

Miss Pansy Waithman

Daughter of Lady Philippa Waithman, of Merlin Park, Galway, married to Captain Page Croft

Photo *Knights-Whittome*

Lady Cynthia Needham

Daughter of Lord Kilmorey, to marry Lord Villiers in October

Photos

Miss Fraser-Tytler

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fraser-Tytler, of Aldbourne, Inverness-shire, to be married in the autumn to Mr. Allan Cameron

Photo *M. Shadwell Clarke*

Lady Susan Yorke

The Earl of Hardwicke's only daughter, who is engaged to be married to Mr. Fitzclarence

founded by the Law, have since developed a predilection for the sea. The present Lord Hardwicke is a sailor, and so were his father and his grandfather before him. The former, known to the Service as "Old Blow-hard," on his retirement took up political life, and was Postmaster-General, and known at St. Martin-le-Grand as "the Bo's'n," a nickname which suggests that he took his sea manners with him into civil life.

* * *

The Devonshire Week

The Devonshire Week set in with its usual severity on Monday, August 24, with the North Devon Polo Tournament. To-day (Wednesday), the Torbay Regatta, under the auspices of the Torbay Yacht Club, is on, with the rival attraction of the Devon and Exeter Steeplechases. Dartmouth Regatta, the Cowes of the West Country, fills up Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, ending with the time-honoured dance on the green, in which all the local gentry take part, with a shower of fireworks to follow. Lord Dartmouth, Lord Churston, Lord Rothes, Sir Henry Lopes, and Sir Thomas Freake are among the patrons of the Week, which, by the way, is the seventy-fourth on its list. The King, some twenty-eight years or so ago, attended the Regatta, and he and the members of the Marlborough House set found much consolation, whenever things palled, in taking turns on the steam roundabout. Society at Dartmouth has disported itself ever since that time on roundabouts when the fun of the fair is on, and feels quite deliciously rowdy. There are certain West Country magnates who would, one almost believes, perish rather than not be seen circling round during the week on wooden horses to the tune of "All in a Row!"

* * *

The Duchess of Sutherland at Beaufort Castle

The Duchess of Sutherland is to open the bazaar which Miss Margaret Fraser is organising at Beaufort Castle in aid of the Inverness Sanatorium for Consumptives on Friday this week. The most interesting event in connection with the bazaar will be the

Photo *Lafayette*

Captain Richard Page Croft

Eldest son of Mr. R. B. Croft (late R.N.), married to Miss Pansy Waithman, on August 19, in the Chapel Royal, Dublin

Photo **Lord Villiers** *[Gillman*

Eldest son of the Earl of Jersey, to marry Lady Cynthia Needham in October

Keturah Collings

Mr. Allan Cameron, 79th (Queen's Own) Cameron Highlanders

Third son of the late Lochiel and Lady Margaret Cameron, to marry Miss Fraser-Tytler

Photo *Lafayette*

Lord Camoys

Who is engaged to Senorita de Cuadra, daughter of the King of Spain's Chamberlain

Some Young Relatives of the King

exhibition at the Castle—the first of the kind ever held in the Highlands—of the finest stags' heads in Scotland. The clans will congregate together on the occasion, and among the stallholders will be Lady Lovat, Lady Dunmore, Lady MacPherson Grant, Lady Mary Grant, Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour, Lady Campbell Orde, Lady Hermione Cameron of Lochiel, and Mrs. McPherson of Clunie.

* * *

Not Small Beer!

Before her marriage, Mrs. Baillie of Dochfour was Miss Nellie Bass, and a very attractive and amusing girl, who knew her own mind. At a dance, once, a lordly partner was clannishly telling her of his birth, parentage, and education. "Ah," exclaimed she, "*I* am Nellie Bass of Bass the beer, you know! And jolly good beer it is, too!"

Photo *Sorrell*

Great-Nephew and Niece: Princess May (on left) and Prince Rupert of Teck

The two children of Prince and Princess Alexander of Teck. Prince Alexander of Teck was married to Princess Alice of Albany four years ago. Their elder child, Princess May, was born in 1906, and her brother, Prince Rupert, a year ago last Monday

History in Stone and Timber: Ightham Mote

Cotehele House, Cornwall, of which we gave a series of special photographs in our pages last week, has been the home of the family of Mount Edgcumbe for five centuries. If Ightham Mote, Kent (illustrated this week), has no such record as this—for it has had a good many different owners in its time—it can claim quite as much architectural interest, and certainly a greater age. The ancient house is now owned by Mr. T. Colyer-Fergusson, son and heir of Sir James Fergusson. His late wife was a daughter of Professor Max Müller. Mr. Fergusson was High Sheriff of Kent in 1906. Kent, rich as it is in mediæval buildings, has little to show of more charm and interest than Ightham Mote, which, "designed with beauty and built in truth,"

Photos

Grandchildren: Prince John (on the right) and Prince George of Wales

The latest portraits of the two youngest of the Prince and Princess of Wales's six children. Prince George is six, and Prince John, the youngest of the family, is three

Speaight

Great-Nephews: Prince Sivgard (on his mother's knee) and Prince Gustavus of Sweden

Princess Margaret of Connaught was married to the Duke of Skane (now the Crown Prince) in 1902. Prince Sivgard was born in June last year, and his elder brother in April, 1906

The Fête Champêtre Aquatic

has braved the storms and suns of more than seven centuries. Its recorded history goes back at least as far as 1180, when it was in the possession of Sir Ivo de Haut, and the Hauts owned it at several periods afterwards. The great hall was built about 1340, and, with the crypt and the old chapel, which is now a bedroom, is perhaps all that is left of the early building.

* * *

Dame Dorothy

The chapel was built in the time of Henry VIII. by Sir Richard Clement, its owner of the day. Afterwards the estate came to the Selbys, one of whom, Sir William, was the husband of Dame Dorothy Selby, who was, apparently, that rare being, a perfect woman, and who revealed the Gunpowder Plot to Lord Mounteagle, as is set forth in rhyme on her monument in Ightham Church:

She was a Dorcas,
Whose curious needle turned the abused stage
Of this lewd world into the golden age;
Whose pen of steel and silken ink enrolled
The acts of Jonah in records of gold.
Whose art disclosed that plot, which, had it taken,
Rome had triumphed, and Briton's walls had shaken,
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hannah,
In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susannah;
Prudently simple, providently wary;
To the world a Martha, and to Heaven a Mary.

The tradition is that Dame Dorothy discovered the meaning of the letter revealing the "gunpowder treason and plot" by working it on a piece of tapestry—exactly how it would be interesting to know. The "German Room" contains furniture which belonged to Johann Bernhard Basedon (1723-1790) of Dessau, a well-known writer and professor of his day, and great-grandfather of Professor Max Müller. The hundred interesting legacies of the ages which make Ightham Mote a place of pilgrimage for lovers of old things, may all be seen any Friday afternoon on payment of a modest sixpence.

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

The Owner of one of our Historic Homes: Mr. T. Colyer-Fergusson and his Eldest Daughter

He possesses in Ightham Mote, Kent, one of the finest mediæval houses in the country

(*See the series of photographs on pp. 439-444*)

Photo] **A Realistic Water Picnic: A Hint for Pleasure Parties in Broiling August** [*Brown Bros.*

Why should we not take our picnic pleasures more coolly in the hot weather? A real water-picnic, not on the water, but in it, with suitable attire, would be a welcome and novel change. There are surely many spots such as our photograph depicts where parties might resort in the dog-days

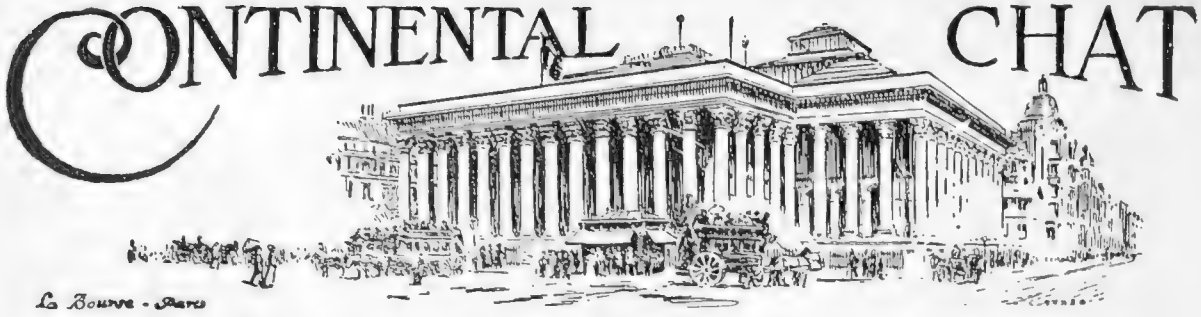
One of the Season's Jeunes Filles

Photo *Rita Martin*

MISS CECIL HENEAGE

The only daughter of Admiral Sir Algernon Heneage, G.C.B., and Lady Heneage, who is a daughter of Sir Edmund Antrobus. Miss Heneage is one of the season's charming débutantes, and was presented at Court at the beginning of the season

CONTINENTAL CHAT



KING EDWARD'S HOLIDAY AT MARIENBAD

MARIENBAD, AUGUST 23, 1908.

Marienbad last week was all in festive dress. From each house and hotel flags were flying, the Emperor's picture was everywhere surrounded with laurels, and the white springs, decorated with foliage, added to the picturesque appearance of the place. Marienbad celebrated three fêtes, the Emperor's birthday, the centenary of the discovery of the Marienbad springs, and last, but by no means least, the arrival of King Edward. In Bohemia, the aged Emperor is, perhaps, more beloved than in any other part of his motley dominions. And Marienbad, the most fashionable Bad in the country, has spared no pains to show how proud she is of her Emperor, and how much she appreciates the friendship which unites him to their guest, England's King. On his side, King Edward is doing all he can to return this kindness.

* * *

The King as Fashion Maker

This is the eighth year that our Sovereign has visited Marienbad, and yet the interest in his personality is by no means on the wane. His every movement is watched with the greatest interest. His clothes are copied. All those who imagine themselves in the least smart wear green Tyrolese hats. His Majesty having to-day introduced a novelty in boot-wear—tan and white kid—we may expect the shoemakers in the neighbourhood to be overwhelmed with orders, till at least the masculine (and probably the feminine) portion of the Kur guests are shod like the King.

* * *

"Move on, Please!"

Among the Germans and Americans here—but especially the Americans—the King is the only topic of conversation. They discuss him with their *coiffeur*, their tailor, or their *masseuse*, and they wonder if they ought not to curtsey to him every time they happen to cross his path. Along the Colonnade in the mornings they follow him as he walks up and down sipping his water. Should he stop to chat with Mrs. Arthur James, Mrs. Hall Walker, or other friends, they crowd quickly round him till one of the numerous detectives advances, lifts his hat, and in pleading tones repeats,

Photo] **The Season at Trouville: The Crowd in the Paddock on Grand Prix Day** [*Topical Agency*

Trouville is now at the height of its season, and is crowded with the gayest of fashionable people, including, of course, many well-known Parisians, who flock to the races, the Casino, the theatre, and to the polo, golf, and pigeon-shooting matches. Trouville, of course, is not so "sporting" a place as Deauville, but it is almost as fashionable, and among the visitors is Madame Réjane, the famous actress. On Sunday week, Grand Prix Day at the races, there was a large crowd to see Northeast who won the Paris Grand Prix for Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, beaten by Cheikh

Tommy on the Ocean

THE DELIGHTS OF TROOPSHIP LIFE: I.—THE FIRST DAY AT SEA

The trooping season has now begun, and regiments at home are leaving to relieve their comrades in India

The first of a series in which E. G. O. Beuttler *depicts the delights of life on board a troopship*

The King and the Marienbadders

"*Aber bitte nicht stehen bleiben.*" Looking from afar you can tell where the King is standing, and as he walks from spring to spring the crowd moves with him. For our American cousins, to take tea within a foot of King Edward, hear his conversation — which is more interesting than theirs—and examine his features at leisure, it is well worth a journey across the ocean.

* * *

"Teddy," His Majesty's Terrier

It greatly interests visitors here to notice that "Teddy," the King's young terrier, is always the first to enter the Royal automobile. The King generally motors to the golf club in the afternoon to take tea, and on these occasions "Teddy" always accompanies him. The golf club, chiefly because of its Royal patron, is the fashionable rendezvous in Marienbad. Needless to say, the list of non-playing members greatly exceeds the playing. Subscriptions to the golf club are coming in so rapidly that it is hoped next year a new club-house may be built.

* * *

Courting the King!

It is extremely amusing to watch some of the awkward methods adopted here of getting introductions to King Edward. Among others, Mme. Letellier, famous in Parisian Society for her beauty, left Deauville for Marienbad with the firm intention of being introduced to his Majesty. Faultlessly gowned, the other day at the golf club she passed two or three times before the King, and then seated herself in a corner hoping his Majesty would ask who she was, and request her to be introduced. However, he did not!

Royal Bridge

King Edward spends his day like the rest of Marienbadders, except that in the morning after his bath he sees his dispatches while others rest. He is generally early at the Kreuzbrunnen, and walks out to Rubzal or Egerländer to breakfast, and speculation is always rife among his followers as to which restaurant he will choose. He generally lunches alone in his apartments at the Weimar, and in the evening, when he does not go to the theatre, he invites his friends to have a quiet game of bridge. The King obeys Dr. Ott's advice, and avoids nearly all the delicious things of Marienbad—even the peaches—but does not expect his guests to do the same.

King Edward

Cynosure of all Eyes—Especially American! The King and the Crowd at Marienbad

The centre of attraction at Marienbad is his Majesty King Edward, who, whenever he takes a walk in the streets or goes to get a glass of wate., is followed by a crowd, mostly Americans, anxious to see him. If anyone comes too close, however, he or she—it is usually a lady!—is politely asked by a detective to "move on"

Guests and Visitors

King Edward has almost a passion for Wagner. You can see him beating time to his favourite airs in *Tannhäuser* and *Walkyrie*. At the Wagner concert given at Bellevue on Sunday week, Sir Edward and Lady Goschen were his principal guests. Shortly after his arrival there was not a table to be had. There are very few English people staying at the Weimar — Mr. H. Chaplin and the Hon. Sydney Greville are among them, and there are also Mr. Anthony Drexel and the Marquis de Soveral. The rest are Germans. Most of the English guests are staying at the Hotel Stern, and among them are Sir Edward and Lady Goschen, Mr. Henry Bruce (Attaché in Vienna), Colonel Lockwood, the Hon. Mrs. Bellew, Captain Matthews, Lady Parker, Lady Chetwode, Lady Samuelson, Lady W. Gooch, and Sir Arthur Hardinge (British Minister at Brussels) and Lady Hardinge.

The Play-houses

By EGAN MEW

Photo *Bassano*

Miss Haseltine

Who is making her first appearance on any stage as Miss Sellenger in *Mrs. Dot* at the Comedy. She is the sister of Mr. T. Millar, assistant manager of the Palace Theatre

Still Running

For one author to hold the stage at three of the most popular West-End theatres—and many country ons—throughout the summer month of August is a form of good luck which does not happen to many playrights. Yet such is the deservedly good fortune of Mr. Somerset Maugham, whose *Jack Straw* at the Vaudeville, *Lady Frederick* at the Haymarket, and *Mrs. Dot* at the Comedy, continue to flourish beneath the heat and burden of the holidays. At the Comedy, it is true, Miss Florence Tempest takes the place of her sister for a little while, and the audiences are quite satisfied with the change; but both Miss Ethel Irving and Mr. Charles Hawtrey fight on in the forefront of their various companies with the most delightful effect. Mr. Hawtrey is adding to his labours by "producing" *The Early Worm* for Mr. Curzon at Wyndham's Theatre on August 29. Thus it will be seen that Mr. Weedon Grossmith as "The Worm" will be the first to begin the autumn theatrical season, which promises so many pleasant plays, old and new. It is possible, however, that the new dramatisation of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, "The Manxman," now called *Pete*—with Mr. Matheson Lang and a strong cast—may open at the Lyceum on the same night. Miss Irving, too, appears busy with other plays, as well as with her present part. There is Mr. Jones's coming comedy, and a strong piece by Mr. Jessop, which is said to be written especially for Madame Duse and Miss Irving.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Miss Lottie Venne

Who is still playing Mrs. Parker Jennings in Mr. Maugham's remarkably successful *Jack Straw* at the Vaudeville

Mrs. Brown-Potter as Lady Frederick

One had the idea that the Lady Frederick at the Haymarket was the only one possible—it is so perfect in its way. But the other night I happened on Mrs. Brown-Potter's version at Brighton, and was rewarded by finding that there could be two charming Lady Fredericks where one had been. Alas! Mrs. Brown-Potter will never be a great actress; but she is so beautiful, so charmingly dressed, so graceful, so accomplished a woman and fascinating a personality that one forgets her queer pauses, her voice production, her incorrect accentuation, her inappropriate gestures. As a matter of fact, she creates a Lady Frederick of her own, one who has some faults of delivery and that sort of thing, but is, in spite of that, a remarkable and most alluring heroine. I was told that Mr. Hutchison's Company was playing to record houses—and it is certain the management deserved such reward.

From Mademoiselle to Madame

The Brighton Point of View

The "house" at Brighton does not take quite the same points as the London people. But, on the other hand, many points that go unnoticed at the Haymarket are applauded with enthusiasm at Brighton. This seems to me to point to the particular sort of cleverness that Mr. Maugham brings to the making of his successful plays.

The Cleverness of Mr. Somerset Maugham

He compresses so much wit, wisdom, and skill into his comedies that there is enough and to spare for all tastes. If you are not interested in epigrammatic criticism of life and character, you can leave that out and enjoy his fun and humour; if you don't care for the satiric wit of the thing, probably you will like a well-constructed plot with a touch of the long arm of coincidence. One might go on for quite a long time in this way, but the point is that Mr. Maugham knows how to make a play that will succeed all round. "'Liza of Lambeth" to "Mrs. Craddock" is a far cry, but one who has produced such clever books on such diverse worlds—and read the many criticisms that a liberal Press provides—cannot but have fitted himself for the simpler, yet more elusive, art of the stage. For, strange as it may seem, critics are of use in their way. "The envenomed teeth of those factious vipers of the Press," as our pens have been quaintly called, sometimes make for artistic righteousness. I remember a common friend telling me, a long while ago, that Mr. Maugham had been immensely delighted and helped by a criticism of a novel of his in the *Times*. I was interested to find that the author considered so mean a creature as the critic might serve him, for I had written the review. From the moment that I accidentally heard of his appreciation of my appreciation I knew the world lay before him, and that stage victories would develop out of his literary successes. A man who is assisted by a review is too original and unusual, too acute and clever, not to overcome even the difficulties of the stage.

EGAN MEW.

Photo Mlle. Genée [*Ellis and Walery*

Whom we congratulate on the announcement of her engagement to a gentleman as to whose identity, however, we are kept in the dark

Neither Seen Nor Heard

Miss Maude Adams, the idol of the American playgoing public, and who had a colossal statue erected to her at the Chicago Exhibition, not in pure butter, but in pure gold, is now staying in Berkshire. But whether she will be seen or heard at last on the English stage, who knows? Somehow, the idol of America is timid of London, or her manager, Mr. Frohman, is timid for her.

At Last, the Name of Mr. Barrie's Play

So Mr. Barrie has named his new much-to-be-talked-of play *What Every Woman Knows*. The title is a trifle Bernard Shavian—but the play, I am assured, is Barrie *et toujours* Barrie, full of fun and sentiment from first to last, and, with a first-rate pivot, or, rather, central idea, round which the actors in the little drama turn.

B.

Overheard at Wood Lane

Aunt 'Tilda (up from Devonshire): "Has gran'fer gone in yet, young man?"

BY THORPE

"Right Away" for the States!

"Lohengrin" at the Lyric

The sixth London season of the Moody-Manners Opera Company opened at the Lyric on Monday week with *Lohengrin*. I cannot say that any of the artists showed great appreciation of their parts with the exception of Mme. Fanny Moody as Elsa, and I do not think Mr. Philip Brozel has improved during his long absence from London. Nervousness incidental on her first appearance doubtless militated against the success of Miss Marie Louise Roger as Ortrud, the quality of whose voice is not without merit, but her production and articulation are faulty, and she has everything to learn as an actress. The orchestra and chorus, a little weak on this occasion, have, however, improved vastly since the opening night, and the productions of *Faust*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Madame Butterfly* during the week were notable advances on a disappointing *Lohengrin*.

Au Revoir!

Miss Alexandra Carlisle and Mr. Joseph Coyne leaving Euston for their American trip, where they are to tour in *The Mollusc*

A Feast of Dancing at the Empire

Dancing is now the chief attraction at the Empire. Of the "turbulent" school of the art are the Sousloffs, but they are remarkably refreshing and exhilarating; while distinguished and graceful, with a touch of the Allanesque thrown in, is the performance of the lady with the unpronounceable name, but very pronounced talent, Mlle. Kyaksht, from St. Petersburg. And Genée, *l'incomparable?* As her engagement draws to a close comes the announcement of an Engagement (with a capital), but all, from the manager to buttons at the door—and to the lady herself—preserve a dignified reticence as to the name, though a certain gentleman is hinted at. Delightful *Coppelia* in no way loses its charm, but what shall we do without Genée, with her swift change from primness to pirouette, and from the ingenuous to the ingenious? I dare not think. H. P.

Photos *Dover Street Studios*

A Very Merry "Merry Widow" Party Leaving for the States

On the extreme left is Mr. L. B. Eastwood, in the doorway is Miss Lily Elsie (the popular "Merry Widow"), Miss Alexandra Carlisle, and Mr. Joseph Coyne, while in front is Mr. George Graves and Miss Lily Elsie's grandmother. Mr. Lestocq, Mr Charles Frohman's manager, is second from the right

The Newest "Lady Frederick" at Home

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

MRS. BROWN-POTTER, NOW PLAYING "LADY FREDERICK" ON TOUR, IN HER GARDEN AT STAINES

Her tour in "Lady Frederick" being over, it is rumoured that Mrs. Brown-Potter has decided to retire from the stage and devote herself to the Woman's Suffrage cause. Can it be that above she is seen taking a little muscular exercise to prepare herself for the warfare before her?

Random Jottings

According to the *Westminster Gazette*, "Mr. Winston Churchill will become by marriage a connection of Lord Salisbury." Well, well, Mr. Churchill must take the bitter with the sweet. So, of course, must Lord Salisbury.

* * *

It seems there is no chance of an agreement between Germany and ourselves to reduce the number of our respective warships. On the whole, we are inclined to be glad of this. It would be much better to start our *entente* with Germany upon some less important question. For example, we might undertake to reduce the number of our waiters, if Germany would do the same.

* * *

We cannot all swim the Channel, but at least one of the emotions common to Channel swimmers can be felt even by those who are only crossing in a steamboat. We refer to the emotion that must have been roused in Mr. Burgess's breast when, as a newspaper correspondent graphically put it, "the French Coast looked tantalisingly near."

* * *

From the *Morning Post*:

EDUCATIONAL OFFER.—To gentle people of limited means, excellent education, 10gs. a term (inclus.).—Address, HEAD MASTER, 06935, *Morning Post* Office, Strand.

It is a bright idea—that of offering an education to gentle people at 10gs. a term. A couple of terms ought to teach them when to drop their h's.

* * *

"If the public had given us a fair chance, we should have got the man in an hour or two," said Inspector Moor, who recently hunted Manchester with a bloodhound in pursuit of a criminal. It is easy to see the Manchester public was a nuisance. If the criminal had been there alone, it would have been much harder to miss him.

* * *

LLANFAIRPWLLGWYNGYLLGOGERCHWYNORO3WLLANTYSSILIOGOGOCOCH!

JOHNNY: "Hullo, old sport, what's wrong with your face. Had an accident?"
TOURIST: "Accident be hanged! I've just come back from a tour in North Wales, where I tried to pronounce some of the names"

BY A. E. HORNE

Summer Problems

Has Chivalry entirely passed?
Alcohol—should we drink it?
How long ought Marriage-ties to last?
Do Motor-cars drive much too fast,
Or do J.P.'s but think it?

Are Curates sadly under-paid?
Should Socialists be hated?
When is a hen's egg not new-laid?
Ought Politicians to be Paid?
Why not Revive the Dairymaid?
Have we Degenerated?

Does Poison lurk in Lemon-squash?
Food—do we really need it?
Was Fitz mistaken in his Posh?
How often Ought a Man to Wash?
Why do the papers print such bosh?
And why do people read it?

Gorleston has been having a pageant, one of the reasons being that "it was the Gariononum of the Roman occupation, and an important stronghold in the days of Boadicea." Another reason, of course, is that it is Gorleston—an important stronghold in the days of the Rev. Forbes Phillips.

* * *

A record visit to America was paid a few days ago, when—according to a newspaper account—a young lady stayed in the country for only 27½ minutes. The States may not be a Utopia yet, but, surely, the young lady showed herself a little intolerant? She would have been safe for half an hour anyway.

Historic Homes:

Ightham Mote, Kent.

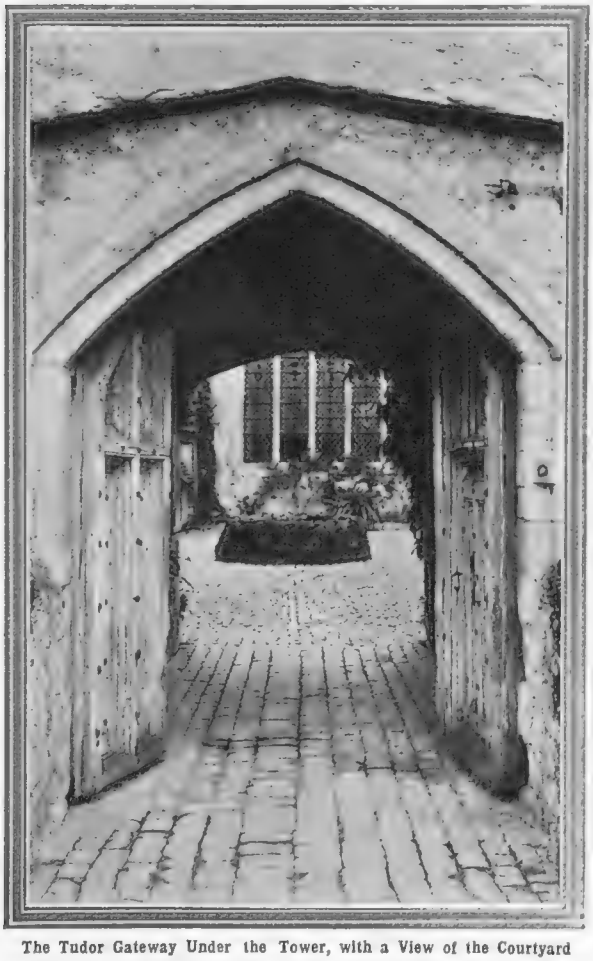
THE RESIDENCE OF
MR. T. COLYER-FERGUSSON

No. 2 of the Series (Photographs taken for THE BYSTANDER *by Leonard Willoughby)*

Eghtham Mote from the Outside

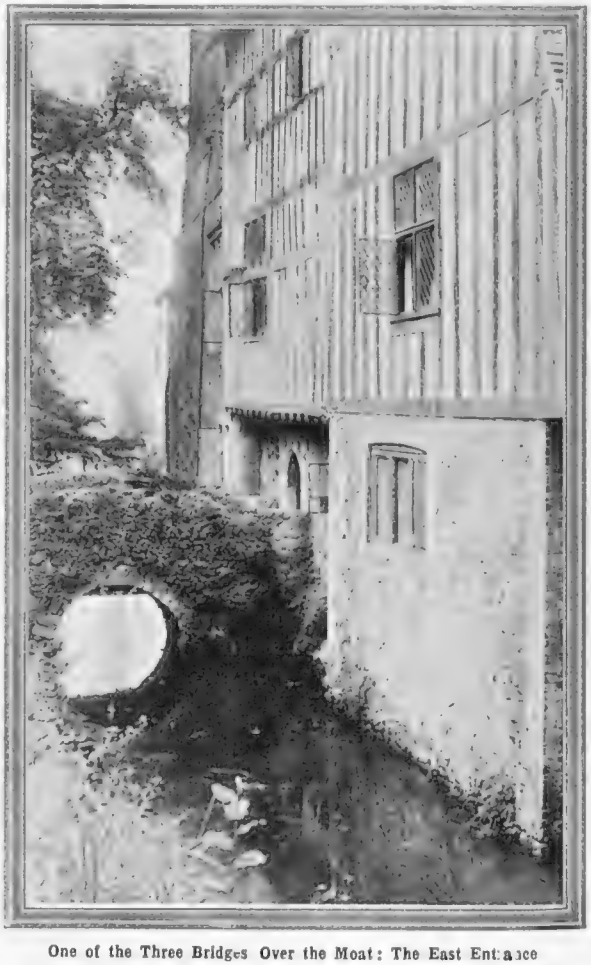
In the Courtyard, where the Fifteenth and the Eighteenth Centuries Meet: The Ancient Gatehouse Tower and the Later Bell-Turret and Clock

The tower dates from the time of Henry VII., and its gateway, leading through to the moat, is the principal entrance of the house. The little door to the right of the tower arch leads into the billiard-room. The bell-turret and clock are of the eighteenth century, and beneath are the chapel stairs leading to the little sixteenth-century chapel



The Tudor Gateway Under the Tower, with a View of the Courtyard

This is the massive double gate of Tudor workmanship leading from the moat through the tower to the courtyard. From the inside the approach of a visitor may be seen without his knowledge



One of the Three Bridges Over the Moat: The East Entrance

The moat is spanned by three bridges. This, on the east side, leads into the Elizabethan part of the house, the timbering and windows of which are here seen